G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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days' delay, and I am safe."

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

I FONARD WRAY.

is struggling. At length he was brought to a

and the spot he must gain, if he would escape,

there yawned a deep chasm formed by a pas-eage separating the main body of the building

from the houses. To leap it seemed impossi

ble. He rasped for breath, and for a moment

his courage failed him. But mingling with

the fierce gusts of wind came the murmur of

distinguish nothing but confused sounds. A

glimpse of mounlight showed him the extent of

the pap between present peril and temporary safety. Twice he stooped to gather up his

strength for a spring, and twice his nerves

quailed. But the voices came bellowing on the

wind, and with a loud shriek of agony, that rose

above those voices like the wail of an unearth-

k spirit, he sprang. He was gone. He saw

ning: he felt that he was high up in the air, and that earth was dragging him downwards,

where there were hard stones on which he must

he broken alive. His passage across that fear-

ful gulf lasted but a moment or two, but they

were to his experience-suspended as he was

serween life and death-so many hours of mor-

tal anguish. So keenly were his senses excited,

that even as his feet left the stone coping, he

ecame sensible that he had miscalculated his

stance; and he flung out his arms and legs, as

to propel himself to the ledge on which his

eyes were fixed. With a fearful crash, his knees

struck the stone wall; but his arms, nerved

now with a giant's strength, firmly grasped the

Braised and bleeding, panting for breath, he gathered up his body, and, after more than one

rose above the howlings of the wind, and from

them he must escape. Along the gutter on his battered knees and hands he crawled stealthily

awhile, till, reaching a friendly stack of chim-

nevs, he rose to his feet, all trembling with pain,

one wirl was seated at a small table, at work,

at the foot of a bed, on which lay an old woman

The poor girl lifted up her hands helplessly

he loosed his grasp, and she breathed freely.

but the noise had awakened the old woman

who, half asleep and half awake, began to

that it was locked, and the key inside. Another

moment, and he had disappeared. Groping

shout in the dark, he felt for the balusters of

e starcase, and, guided by them, descended

once of the young girl rang piercingly the cry

his chance. He took out his knife, resolv-

hate wretch, struggling with his powerful as-

noiselessly into the court-yard.

Then the porter rushed out, just

With an effort almost superhuman,

the half-strangled porter to the

is he fled, how he should avoid the night-pa-

and he felt, that should they come across him,

scarcely knowing whither he was going, until

ands by thumping them against his sides. As

Bon! Bon!" replied the driver, and, leap-

hey soon reached the hotel where Mark re-

to his seat, he gave his horses the whip,

y dashed off at full speed. Mark breath-

He alighted with some difficulty, and

er, he gave the coachman another gold

It is for thy silence," he said. "Keep thy

The man took the money with a profound

Mi-lor may depend upon me," he said; and,

Chut! Not a word," he uttered, seeing the

an's astonishment, "I am. as you see, sadly attered, but I have no bones broken, thank

A quarrel, a fight, a pursuit. I fear I have

eace for three days, and I shall be safe."

It the porter's lodge Mark stopped.

Before he got out of the vehicle,

cape would be impossible. Still he ran on,

gh by-streets and crooked turnings,

is, for he had no hat, his garments were torn,

pet. The danger was passed, and hang-there, he involuntarily cried, "Thank God!"

accessful attempt, found himself again on

But still those voices of alarm

cing beneath him, and men run-

Between the ledge of the outer parapet

A ROMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY.

The man gave another sign. Mark went out As he crossed the court-yard, he stopped to look at the railway time table. Having obtained the By the author of " The Chronicles of the Bastile," " The Emuse," " The Yule Log." " Philip of Luteria," &c. information he sought, he ascended to his cham

ber, clinging to the balustrade as he mounted for his body was so shaken and bruised he could scarcely crawl, now the great excitement Mark sets out, on a Journey, and Completes it. "Not steady enough," muttered Mark, as, of the moment was passed.

He locked his door, and presently looked at himself in the glass. Could that ghastly, that saping over the slated roof of the prison, the enden messenger from the sentinel's musket whizzed past his ear. He bounded along, over

haggard face be his? Oh, it was a wicked, gutters, chimneys, parapets, fell and rolled more an evil-looking face! and he felt it, and turned away from it with a chill. "I must not remain here long," he thought than once, but continued his perilous journey, nevertheless, with the desperation yet with the coolness that determined resolution gives to the man who feels it is for dear life and liberty be "Darkness and promptitude are now my best

understand I am still in Paris. Only a few

few napoleons and silver pieces—all that re-mained of his then available means. His pass port, also, he folded up in a case; and then he took out a brace of two-barreled pistols, which he loaded and primed. Out of another drawer he took a phial, containing a clear liquid, like water. He let fall two or three drops into a glass half full of water, and drank the mixture It emitted a strong oder, like that of over-ripe voices. He felt what they said, though he could

apples. He made a second mixture of the tincture, putting about a dozen drops of it into the same glass, but this time filling it up with water, which changed to a milky hue. He then removed his garments, bathed his battered and bruised limbs, and afterwards rubbed them with the mixture. In a few minutes he felt relieved.* He put up the precious phial into its case, and laid it on the table by the side of his pistols wrong, or there would not be this hesitation. Clean linen, clean flesh, and a complete change of raiment, transformed him into another man. When he looked at himself again in the glass, his countenance assumed a more satisfied expression, though it retained its scowl and its uneasy, anxious look. In less than an hour, the whole of his preparations were completed. His weapons he carefully concealed beneath his vest, buttoning close over his breast a loose travelling coat. He took with him no luggage of any kind, not even a change, but only his money, his pistols, his passport, and a few memoranda. The remainder of his effects he packed into two trunks, that stood, nearly full, at the foot of his bed; for, as he had truly remarked to Pelligrini, his arrangements for ourneying had been previously made, in the anticipation of a sudden departure. He locked the trunks, put the keys into his pocket, and,

wax-light burning.
"I am going," he said to the porter, whom he once more aroused. "Let me quietly out. I leave my trunks to be sent as addressed.

having cast one rapid glance around the room, went out, leaving the key in the door and the

The porter gave Mark a significant sign, and ners, he rose to his feet, all trembling with pain, and whilst resting surveyed the field of view. which he closed quietly after him.

and considered what next he should do. Afar off, he saw a dim light. It proceeded from a piercingly cold. The moon has gone in, and fire, lest they should hit any of those around heavy black clouds hang over head. Mark's him. He has taken out his pistols, and menagarret window. After a pause, he made his teeth chatter, but he wraps his coat about him, | ces all who approach him, still running with and walks on. He does not meet with many persons, and them he avoids. Soon he reaches the Rue Montorgueil, near the Marché des Prouple are already coming in. He enters a wine shop, and, burying himself in a corner of the room set apart for the accommodation of the to give the alarm to others ahead. He comes customers, orders refreshments - edibles and to a turn, a sudden turn in the road, when a wine, the latter the best. He eats with an ap petite, and praises the wine, but there is something about him that attracts the notice of the Mark observes him, and, beckoning him aside, "Not a word," he gasped; "I will not hurt asks if he could be obliged with a private room for a few hours. He is willing to pay handsomely for it. The host, nothing loth to earn money, conducts him to small room on the first floor, also set apart for guests, and informs Mark that he is at liberty to remain there as long as he pleases. Yes! he will take care he be not disturbed.

It is a troubled sleep Mark has, with his head resting against the wall, and his feet on a stool upon them fierce defiance and deadly hate. The figure of the attorney rises before him, and a groan. But it is soon over. He is satisfied he has had revenge, and he again composes himself to doze. It is not strange that scenes long since past should haunt him now. It is no the Ministry, made the following remarks upon onger the attorney, but Edward Wilmot, whom the disadvantages under which a free Governhe sees. The whole of that dark transaction is enacted again. Then suddenly it is his victim the quarter from which they proceed, they are who attacks. He lays his hand — cold and not without significance: clammy with the sweat of death-upon Mark's throat, and begins dragging him to the rank propose to you is that of Her Majesty's Minpool where the obscene monsters are, and where sters, Cheers. If there was ever a time at he can see them with their greedy jaws gaping open, ready to devour him. In vain he strug-gles. Some superhuman power nerves Wil mot's arm, and paralyzes his own. They are will and sympathy—of their fellow-country already on the brink of the pool, when, with a it is surely the present. [Loud cheers.] It is loud yell, he wakes. It is broan daylight, and not the way to success in war to support it, he remembers what he came there for. Shud however ardently and enthusiastically, and at dering with cold and terror, he leaves the room, the same time to tie down and weaken the and, having liberally paid the hostess, sets out hands of those who have to conduct it. [Cheeragain. There is snow on the ground, and more ing.] We are engaged with a mighty enemy, is falling. He heeds it not, but makes the best who is using against us all those wonderful of his way, through by-streets, to the terminus powers which have sprung up under the gen-

m right and left of him. In another moment disappeared. He had gained the street. railway terminus give him his change with the State. [Hear.] The Queen has no power out peering so inquisitively into his face? to levy troops, nor has she any at her command nal! Thank God for safety thus far!

already crossed!

Halloo! Who is that gentlemanly man? oblige him. He won't. He feels relieved when ness exist, which is not at once denounced, and who was standing, endeavoring to warm his he withdraws his face from the door. He is even sometimes exaggerated, with a kind of very meek and polite, but he does not like those morbid satisfaction. [Loud and continued said this, he thrust a piece of gold into the sharp, gray eyes of his.

> and screeching of the fiery dragon, whose iron successful, ought to be able to shut up in the strength is now put out to its utmost, is music innermost recesses of his heart. [Loud cheers.] to his ears. Yet does it not speed fast enough Nay, at the most critical position, when war for him. His eye has suddenly lighted on some and diplomatic relations may be at their height, curious wires that run along by the track, and an adverse vote in Parliament may at a mohis cheek has gone whiter, as if a new danger ment deprive the Queen of the whole of her menaced him. He thinks of a messenger confidential servants. Gentlemen, our conswifter even than the red-hot speed of that fiery stitutional Government is undergoing a heavy dragon ahead. "It is possible, just possible," he mutters. He strives to banish the thought, and it unless the country will grant its confidence to laugh at it as absurd; but his eye fastens it-self on those wires, and his mind ponders on hidence—to Her Majesty's Government. [Loud the strange power that is making them to whis-per mysteriously together. cheers.] Gentlemen, I propose to you to drink the health of Viscount Palmerston and her

He keeps close in his carriage, and they reach Amiens. Here he must per force get out. The meek-looking gentleman descends from another carriage; and as Mark does not join the company at the buffet, the stranger politely inquires "whether Monsieur will take a cigar?" Mark declines the offer, with a courtesy somewhat modified by its abruptness, and paces the platform moodily, still thinking of the hery tongues of those wires yonder. The meek answered Mark. "But never mind gentleman appears to enjoy his cigar amazing-

Mark's back is turned, he disappears into the small box, where the interpreters of the fiery tongues are exercising their mysterious craft, and in the space of five remarks to the space of f

The man nodded his head mysteriously, and pocketed the money.

"There will be inquiries after me," resumed Mark. "The police will come. You will throw them off their guard. You will give them to

Mark curses "that gray-eyed man's politeness. But the French are so very polite, so there could not be anything in that; oh, no!" Still he wishes he had not asked him. He does not

ike his eyes. And the train whirls on. Trees, houses, gartens; fields cultivated in patches, but now par-ially covered with snow; cemeteries, where rude wooden crosses are, and yellow garlands on humble tombs; meadows, chalky plains, a river; climpses of the sea—all are passed in turn, Mark's spirits rising still, and his thoughts wanlering more and more from the wires, and fixng themselves more and more on the sea. The train stops for the last time. The next station is Boulogne. No! "Surely that was not the meek-looking man again, peeping in at the carriage window. D—n him!"

Off again; more trees, more fields, another

climpse of the river, and a wider glimpse of the sea. They stop. "Boulogne; descend, if you please, Messieurs travellers. The English steamer is ready. Those who are going to Lon-lon will please pass into the Bureau d'Em-

barquement."

Mark, now breathing quite freely, mingles with the crowd, and passes on. He has no luggage, and is first at the Bureau d'Embarcation. "For London, sir?" asks the clerk, taking Mark's passport.

"Yes," is the response. It is looked at, and the permit is already in he clerk's hand, when a superior, who is standing by, tells him to stay a minute. Mark tries not to flinch from the scrutiny of the official, He is sensible of a strange influence stealing over him, and of his being an object of suspi cion. He is about to demand his permit d'em barcation, when he hears the voice of the meekooking gentleman addressing him: sistance is useless. You are lost."

The chill of death is upon Mark. The meek gentleman is at his side, and not far off are two "I have the order for your arrest," says the

police agent. You have been quick, but our gents have been quicker." Mark answers not a word. He sees his game

is up. But his desperation is great. Escape is hopeless. He feels that. Yet, who knows? Courage, and one last attempt.

He strikes down the agent with a terrible low from that muscular arm of his, and, leaping the barrier, makes for the station. His object is to gain the line; then he will run, and, as soon as he comes to a favorable place, he will clear the embankment, and take to the open country. He will hide till night, and then hire a fishing smack and put off to sea. All this rushes through his brain in a second of time, hough he feels all the time that he shall fail.

Great is the hue, great the cry. The confusion is beyond everything. The two soldiers, at first taken by surprise, have twice covered It is between three and four o'clock, and him with their pieces, but have hesitated to speed that is marvellous, and would seem to be yet more so, if people knew how his bruised like a deer, and, looking right, left, behind, and before, speeds on, till he is clear of the station. A hundred pursuers are on his track, shouting shrill whistle is heard. An engine is approaching him, full speed. It has just taken its meal of fire, and is vomiting its hot breath in volumes. The impetus is terrific. Mark, still running, is aghast, but cannot stop himself, though fain he would. In his mad terror, he discharges his pistols at the fiery monster, slips in trying to step aside, and falls across the rails. Amidst the horrified shrieks of his appalled pursuers, who are now closing fast ipon him, his wicked life is crushed out, and all that remains of him, when they come up, is a mangled body, torn limb from limb, and a head, which, even whilst rolling from under the wheel that has severed it from its trunk, scowls

FREE INSTITUTIONS AND WAR

ment must always carry on a war. Considering

"Gentlemen: The toast which I have now to which Her Majesty's Government, by whomsoever conducted, required the support—aye, not the support alone, but the confidence, good of the Great Northern Railway. He has three erating influence of our liberty and our civilizaplaces in his mind: London, Liverpool, New tion. You find him with all that force which York. Oh, how he wishes the Channel were unity of purpose and action, impenetrable secresy, and uncontrolled despotic power, have He has time to take coffee, for he is cold, given, while we have to meet him under a state very cold. His marrowappears frozen. What of things intended for peace, and for the prodo people look at him so for? Cannot the motion of that very civilization, the offspring of waiter take his fee without staring so? Can- public discussion, of the friction of parties, and not the man who gives out the tickets at the of the popular control on the Government and Surely a traveller may hire one entire compart-but such as offer their voluntary services. ment of a first-class carriage all to himself, if [Hear.] Her Government can take no measure he likes. How long those seven minutes in the for the prosecution of the war which it has not waiting-room appear! Ah! there is the sig | beforehand to explain in Paliament. Her armies and fleet can make no movements, nor even prepare for any, without their being pub-Room? No! He, the passenger inside, has licly announced in the papers. No mistake, taken the carriage to himself. He can not cheering.] The Queen's Ambassador can enter Now they are off, and Mark begins to breathe into no negotiations without the Government having to defend him by entering into all the along, the higher his spirits rise. The snorting arguments which that negotiator, in order to be

trial, and we shall not get successfully through

Majesty's Ministers." The toast was drunk with great cheering.

UISHED COMPLIMENT.-Messrs. Webster & Bro., of Main street, have just executed a splendid photographic likeness of the poet Gallagher, at the solicitation of Dr. Griswold, who intends issuing in the fall a new edition of his Poets and Poetry of America. This volume will be illustrated by full page portraits of the follow-

From the window he watches Mark resume the West, in almost every home of which the is seat in his carriage, nor wonders he whereore he prefers solitude. But the time is up,
and they are off again.

In his heart, and without knowing wherefore,

For the National Era. FOURTH OF JULY.

AN INDEPENDENCE POEM. BY HENRY B. BLACKWELL. Old Time has cooled the warrior's heat, The shonts have died away— What is it, brothers, that we meet To celebrate to-day? Our fatl ers bravely broke the chains They well fulfilled their part; But, 'twere numarily still to brood

To please a noble heart. We meet to catch the generous light That lit each patriot eye, The love of universal Right, The willingness to die, The faith in God and Man, the trust In what is honest, true, and just, The cheerful sacrifice of life. Of husband, parent, child, and wife,

The choice of peril and of strife,

O'er ancient grudge and bitter feud-

The patient self-denial. We need them all-the present hou Has harder duties still, And darker clouds around us lower Than those of Bunker Hill; A hydra-headed monster holds The great Republic in its folds, And crushes out its breath; Worse foes than Arnold lie in wait, We need the wise, the good, the great,

Why offer false and venal praise? Why fear to speak the truth? The promise of her youth In progress ence she led the van, The champion of the rights of Man Winning the World's applause; Now the man-stealer grasps his prey Unblushing in the eye of day, And bids the shrinking wretch obey, Supported by the Laws.

To rescue it from death

Torn from her husband's breast, the wife Is widowed e'er her prime; The childless father toils for life, In many a distant clime; No tidings come to break the gloom, No comfort gilds the living tomb, Closed is the Captive's door; Oh! burning tears will fall like rain And breaking hearts will throb in pain; Long years of yearning are in vain; They meet on Earth no more

Let others praise the Union! We are told The compact makes us kidnappers of slaves, And Northern muscles, bought with Northern gold, Thrust struggling manhood into living graves.

May live to curse it on Nebruska's plains, Let others praise the Union! From the isles

Let others praise the Union! Millions yet

Where Earth and Sea in summer beauty glow, "It capped the crumbling arch of human woe." With ruffled plumage, marred with many a stain,
With drooping crest and pinions flecked with gore,
Let the great-hearted Eagle pine in pain,

And hailed thy proud ascent with prayer and hymn;

Stretching from shore to shore his doleful sway: He whets his carrion beak in human pre

How art thou fallen from thy heavenly height,

Soar once again to Heaven's unclouded sky et thy victorious battle-ery be heard;

Die, like a Phonix-from thy sacred dust Thy fiery soul will spring to Northern skies And in new Union, honorable, just, A more majestic Commonwealth will rise

And clouds come trooping through the quivering a Though tempests lash the forest and the lake, Wise men are calm-they never feel despa-

Creates the fleeting passions of the hour, And in due time prepares, from Nature's war,

Reap ruin's harvest from the seeds of crim New races rise, the pioneers of Fate,

Heaping with toilsome care a plenteous store

To their successors, wealth unknown befor

Heir of Egyptian labor, Grecian art. Hebrew religion, and of Roman law, The Anglo-Saxon will in turn impart His hard-earned contribution, and withdray

Cotton and steel, muchinery and steam-These are his youthful trophies. Climbing higher His deeds will distance Fancy's wildest drear

Most distant oceans with those wondrous roads Whose iron horses need not food nor drink,

See stars that never shone where we were born, Cross Terra del Fuego bridge, and dine

Then shall we pierce the Tropics, pass the Line,

Of Guinea, ride the Niger's swelling stream And plant our colonies where lions roar,

Shall build their cities by the Nile's great flood Then Science shall achieve a loftier flight.

And Life's most secret mysteries attait

To Nature's true conditions will supply, Till Beauty shines in face and form and soul

Rich with intelligence and warm with love, Where parent souls, majestic as the dome Child of the future! 'his for thee we toil

For thee Earth's heroes bleed, Earth's sages plan

Our generations but prepare the soil By all the world's experience can impart The heir of every great estate of Mind,

Till, with each faculty attuned aright, Duty and impulse now no more at war, Mankind in solid phalanx will unite

Mark's back is turned, he disappears into the light of gentleness and beauty. If your are happy, it will be greater joy to watch that the unchristian spirit of Caste is the dominant spirit in the religious, politician spirit in the religious, politician, and the world to know that those who the two reversities the late of the world, and reported the unfolding blossoms; if innocence attends more to remain spirit in the religious, politician spirit in the reli

A GLANCE AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA, June 16, 1855. To the Editor of the National Era:

I thought perhaps you would like some of my observations, as I sit musing on the piazza "are not founded upon truth," and says that of Congress Hall, which, as everybody knows, among the many is found this: "That the has been enlarged and beautified, and taken its Know Nothings are for Slavery." This, he stand where it was in days of yore, and where, as everybody knows, it has not been for the last few years. Many other improvements have been also made about the village, showing that the Saratogans mean to keep up with the times, and not permit age to mar their attractions, though they boast of being the oldest watering place in the country.

And Nothings are for Stavery. Inis, he says, is a wrong accusation. And he proceeds:

"I profess to know something about that Order. I assure you they are, to a man, so far as my knowledge runs, Anti-Slavery men. You are going blindfolded; you know not what you are talking about. I am sorry to see smart men so dull to their own interest." place in the country.

In some respects, things are always the same here. The fountains are always bubbling; and as long as they bubble such life-giving waters, there will always be multitudes thronging

thesda; for, though it is not an angel that dis- shown? turbs the waters, unless they assume human forms, they must be disturbed by somebody before our thirst can be quenched, and we can be healed. In the height of the season, there are four little boys, each with four little dippers, attached to the end of a long stick, which they plunge into the fountain, and hand to those who are waiting, and to whom they attend according to the maxim of the miller, "first come, first served."

Some people suppose that it is impossible to drink too much Congress water, and they stand and get all they can get for an hour or two; but if you can get "competent medical advice," such as the Saratoga physicians are always hap-py to give, you will-drink a glass or two, and then take a walk around the pleasant groves, or a ride on the circular railway, where you may go round and round three times for a shil-

ling, working your passage.

The groves, the winding pathways, and the birds, are always here. So, too, is the Indian encampment; and they always look like the same Indians to me, the same baskets, the same bows and arrows, fans, needle-books, and pincushions, and the same pots and kettles. When you have walked awhile, and made yourself agreeable to some fair damsel, provided you are not a bondman, and obliged to make yourself agreeable to your wife, you may take a glass or two more, and by this time there will have arrived so many, that it will be quite an exercise for you to shake hands and exchange greetings. Everybody will exclaim, how nice everything is looking this summer! that there are more people than usual at this season! that we are having very fine weather! that the crops are getting on remarkably well! Everybody are getting on remarkably well! Everybody will ask at what house you are staying, and how to permit any of them to enter upon a career Christian movement. Its grand idea, its centain geographical lines. Hence I hate Slavery

to pass the time.

Men who think there is no way to live but to be investing money, and counting dividends, pronounce Saratoga life a terrible bore, after three or four days. What people can find to interest themselves about here for weeks and months, they cannot imagine. They know nothing about studying character, but see in against Slavery. Let every tub stand on its God, one Humanity, one Love from All for by the magic of a mere parallel of latitude. all this gay and brilliant throng only so many own bottom. If the great question of the day All"-this is the platform of the Abolitionist, This cheap and popular method of hating Sla-They have never learned to trace the shadows on these sunny faces; they have not the key the shams of the obsolete Whigs and Democrats. to unlock hearts; and to be moving among hu- let it be known. But, on the other hand, if the cles which oppose the liberation of three and a per and technical ethics of the mere politician, man beings, without a single talisman that great question is Slavery, (and every intelligent

must be a stupid life indeed. tionale of Watering Places," and the young author was one who had looked deeper into the human heart than many do in a life threescore years and ten. I often hear it remarked, of a young and beautiful girl, "How foolishly she is spending life; frittering it away n gaiety and dissipation; a flirt—a heartless. thoughtless flirt." We sat alone one night, in the deep shadows of an overhanging elm. She "Oh, what a false and miserable world. How I hate it! It does not require any particular inspiration to teach us what has disgusted a young, blooming girl with life. A blight has fallen on her opes, and all her woman's aspirations have een turned to bitterness. So I said, "But all the world should not be condemned for the sins of one or two." "No," she said, "it is not for one or two, but I have never found a spark of truth or honor in the heart of man.' was a sweeping denunciation for one who had

travelled and mingled so extensively with the bthing of her personal experience; but as she rested her head upon my shoulder, and burst convey; and when she had a little recovered, she poured out her heart. It was a dark record. indeed, of wrong and falsehood, of trifling and cut off my right hand before I would betray it, and there was no blush of conscious sin or folly. as she confessed one love and then another. 'Mother wants to see me married and settled," she said, "and wonders how I can refuse this and that rich man, who will make me such an sal. Three other individuals immediately made and that that idea is large enough to compregreat curse of our cause. many, married to rich and excellent husbands, with hearts yearning for what money can never | by surprise, and had not a word to offer in supgive. I know myself too well to desire to ven. port of Know Nothingism. Those of us who ture upon such a precipice, for very sure I am,

Her friends called her a foolish, sentimental thing, deserting the path of womanly duty, and very likely, by and by, they will convince her an oath-bound party, where you have not hal of the necessity of marrying an establishment, and she will become a false, unfaithful woman. like hundreds of others, still maintaining in the | will feel as I do-like you had just declared eyes of the world the "highest respectability. Soon she brushed away her tears, and mingled with the crowd, smiling as if the world had always smiled on her. I sighed, and said, "Poor thing;" but while I watched her in the dance, ught, "Among all who pronounce her gay and heartless, there is not one, perhaps, with soul so deep, so filled with high and holy thoughts, so worthy the companionship of antion? Her heart is worthy shrine for woman's holiest love. She has given all its freshness up to be spurned and trampled, but she will know, by and by, that one, or two, or twelve

quette, whom another was reproving for her inworthy encouragement of "Oh, fudge! men have no affections, except bilious affections!" So she smiled deceitfully on all who came, and triumphed in their humiliation, declaring it was only returning evil for evil, which, according to her code of ethics, was right enough. Summer idlers have found a hundred hills

and smiling valleys, over which to roam away the sultry summer months; but yet there seems no diminution of numbers here. Congress the subject, before it can be fairly brought be-fore them, as was the Missouri Compromise size this season, and next year the Union is to Bill, may every plague be visited upon such have a similar enlargement. The more room

COUNSELS FROM OUR PRIENDS

-, Illinois, writes to us that he has cal efforts to promote the Cause of Freedom. found some things in the Era that he knows and the diffusion of correct ideas concerning it.

The writer concludes by saying: "I do not intend this as a correspondence-only as a letter of friendship to you"- a kindness we fully appreciate, and hereby acknowledge as coming that I can scarcely hope to present my views of the contest between the free and the slave from this gentleman, as well as a thousand present duty without giving offence to some, States; for, if it be true that our acquiescence Lam always reminded of the Pool of Be others. But what have the recently elicited facts and perhaps arousing a certain antagonism

> ---, Опю, June 19, 1855. Enclosed is three dollars for two copies of the Era, and one dollar for Facts for the People. 1 retain the commission, not for myself, but for the subscribers, for, believe me, it is an uphill business, since the Era has taken such a decided stand against Know Nothingism. We have reretted a thousand times the violent opposition from that quarter, thinking it much better and safer to wait until the organization had fully taken its stand, before shooting indiscriminately into their ranks, killing friends as well as foes. For true it is, that there are numbers of firm, reliable, Anti-Slavery men, who are engaged in the Know Nothing cause, that would drop it, or any other ism, before giving up the Anti-Slavery cause—yet are disposed to not encourage longer those papers, that they have encouraged for years. Hence, it is almost impossible to obtain subscribers and therefore the influ to obtain subscribers, and therefore the influence of the Anti-Slavery press is to a great de-gree lost—at least, this is the case in this com-

And now, at the close of this communication, allow us to say, that we think it would be well for the Era (and some other papers) to hold and reflect, until the enemy fairly comes out trifling and ephemeral questions of the day, and shows himself, if there be one, and not

In the following there is the ring of the true

TERRYTOWN, PA., June 9, 1855. question of independent political organization | make it incarnate in the popular heart. "One transfigure it into all blessedness and beauty opens to us the portals of thought and feeling, man in Christendom knows that it is,) then let us rally-let us organize-let us look the enemy | the reign of "peace on earth, and good will to Abolitionist. Opposition to Slavery, as an out-I somewhere read an article on the "Ra- in the face-and socially, morally, religiously. This can only be done by independent action. Unless a truly Anti-Slavery, or rather Abolition political party can be called into action, we dition of the world's advancement. Abrogate I may about as well hang our harps upon the the infidel law of Hate, which regards man as element in the late popular demonstrations in willows-Ephraim is written upon our country. the energies of men who will do or die for their collow-hearted and vainglorious nations.

- Township, Union Co., O.,

DR. BAILEY: I have been an attentive reader of your paper, and thought for a while that you were too hard on the Know Nothings was induced to unite with that Order, believe Slavery principles, yet from its members being many of them strong opponents of the Slave Power, their giving their influence to the Anti-Nebraska candidates, and from their rapid inparties, that they soon would become the pre good might be accomplished in this way. *

to the candid conviction that the organization , stated my reasons, and requested a dismis say to my Anti-Slavery friends of Freedom who have united with this Order, you who have the independence that you had in the old par ties? Come out from among them, and you

SINCLAIR, OREGON, March 18, 1855. To the Editor of the National Era: I have been a reader of the Era for one year and I have been well pleased with your bold and manly defence of the Missouri Compromise, and your resistance to the Slave Power in our boasted land of Liberty. In reading your columns, I have seen but few writers from Oregon

from agitating it. Many of the inhabitants oppose the accursed system of Slavery, in all its have become acquainted with the minds of the world. There are as many noble men as wo People, and I feel sure that the blighting curse men, as many who would scorn to trifle and of Slavery can never reach the happy shores of Our Legislature is striving to push our Ter-

schemes to demoralize and degrade us. I hear some say that, if Oregon becomes a slave State,

quiet his apprehensions respecting Oregon, but on to the surface by a temporary swell of pop A friendly and considerate correspondent at let him relax neither his fervor nor his practi- ular feeling?

> Reported for the National Era. THE SLAVERY QUESTION, In its Precise Relation to American Politics.

erch delivered before a State Convention at Indian

Mr. President, and Fellow-Citizens ; I confess to some degree of embarrassment in approaching the discussion of the Slavery in their overthrow. I confess I cannot feel enquestion at this crisis in its history. It has assumed an attitude so novel and peculiar in vored our Anti Slavery dishes on other occaits relations to American Politics, and is so sions, when the Slave Interest has trampled complicated with strange and alien elements, down our rights. It has no just application to among those who have heretofore walked to-gether as brethren. My task is a delicate one, and alarming, it is likewise true that it prepares and I regret, sincerely, the causes that have the North to submit to it. The enormity of Slamade it so. I shall, however, in the exercise of free speech, and with that plainness which I am accustomed to employ, give utterance to sistance, is the true method of deliverance my own deliberate convictions, holding no man from it. We need have no fears that the devor party responsible for them, and only asking, ilish attributes of Slavery will not be exhibited,

in their behalf, such considerations as they may be entitled to receive at your hands. I desire to address myself, to-day, to Anti- fruit of the Compromise measures of 1850, and Slavery men; and I begin by remarking that the grand obstacle to the spread of free princi-ples is the lack of a just comprehension of our movement. It is not only grossly misconceived by the great body of the people, but many, I ter. Indeed, the very ground on which this fear, who are set apart by common consent as its peculiar friends, either do not understand. or perceive but dimly, its real magnitude. The cause of Human Rights is not one to be dragged down to the level of our current politics. and confounded with the strife of parties and the schemes of place-hunters. It is not to be hawked about in the political market, and advocated with a zeal which instantly expires when the temporary occasion of it has disap-peared. We dishonor the cause, and bring shoot in advance at an alarm, and by so doing ting it to the dignity of a great moral enterprise, to be steadily prosecuted, whether honor,

We need only say to this friend, that we are advantage, and immediate success, on the one ncapable of acting in such bad faith as we hand, or obloquy, suffering, and present defeat, would conceive it to be to conceal our views on the other, shall be the result of our fidelity. from our friends upon any public measure or tion of one nation, or one race, but of all nacourse of policy, and especially in such wise as tions, and all races. Ours is pre-eminently a will ask at what house you are staying, and how long you intend to remain; how many glasses which we regard as leading to evil, and from you take in the morning, and how you contrive which our counsels might tend to divert them. The property of the provided which we regard as leading to evil, and from the North Pole down to thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes in Heaven; and its mission is the practical or the practical or the provided which our counsels might tend to divert them. vindication of this truth. We are to make it the animating spirit of the religion, the morality, and the politics, of this nation. We are to rescue the doctrine of a common brotherhood Dr. BAILEY: I think you are right on the from the limbo of unmeaning abstractions, and the north side of a particular line, and then Contempt for humanity is the founda- rage upon man and a crime against God, as tion of Slavery, and of every species of oppression and wrong; respect for humanity is the this alone will avail us of any bona fide enoundation of Freedom, and the grand conchild of the devil, and enthrone in its stead the Northern States. e Christian law of Love, which reverences nim as the child and moral likeness of his was the product of political rather than moral country can save us from the doom that awaits | Maker, and not only will the chains of the slave | causes, of transient influences, rather than deepfall asunder, but the curses of land monopoly,

"man's inhumanity to man," party in the United States, and we should resoon no account should we forego a position Let us remember, that so holy an enterprise 1852, instead of forward to the plat

sincere endeavors. There is a deep feeling here on the subject of Slavery, although our leading politicians refrain underlies it, seems quite evident, from the want march through it to the fullest assertion of our of any deep and pervading conviction of the constitutional rights. We do not mean to play wrongfulness of Slavery, among the people of into your hands under a hypocritical mask, or forms. In a residence of nearly three years, 1 the free States. Our aphorrence of the institu- attempt the folly of firing a double battery tion is from the lips, and not from the heart. against Freedom and Slavery at the same time, We do not hate it with an earnest and robust | but we mean to avail ourselves of your treach hatred, that goes out into deeds, but with a ery, in building up the very cause you have Oregon. Notwithstanding this, it will never do to risk anything on an Administration that vio lated the most holy faith of our Nation, and We hate the negro with a practical vengeance. threw open all our Free Territory to this damn It is no counterfeit, no mere disguise, but a down the wall which guarded them; and now, blighting, scathing, ever-present batred, under by way of redressing the wrong you have don which the colored race withers and is consumed us, and as some atonement for it, we not only itory into a State. Whether this will be for in our midst. Ask the people of Indiana if demand that these Territories shall be presery. the better or the worse, you can best judge; or they hate Slavery, and they will point you to ed free by law, but that all territory shall be whether it is to push the People into a vote on their Constitution and laws forbidding colored thus preserved, whether at present owned or a State Constitution, admitting or not admitting men from coming into the State, denying those hereafter to be acquired by the Government; who are in the right of suffrage, taxing them to that not another slave State shall ever be add. be a prey to the Slave Power? If it should be the design to urge the People into a vote on the subject, before it can be fairly brought betheir right to travel on our railways. Ask the pealed; that Slavery in our National District people of Illinois the question, and they will shall be abolished; and, in fine, that the curse point to a still blacker code than that of their some say that, if Oregon becomes a slave State, adjoining neighbor. Do the people of Ohio they will leave the State; but I assure you, that hate Slavery? The General School Board of its own local enactments. You have made Put a rose in the window. If you are in grief, they may not be good philosophy. It is they care and the pleasure of attending to its good country air and pleasant society that people in period to the people of they say; and as it is very evident that people increase and multiply in the land, I do not see they make they will leave the State; but I assure you, that I, for one, never will be run off by this dragon, or any that bears his mark, either on the hand or for each and the pleasant society that people of Ohio they will leave the State; but I assure you, that I, for one, never will be run off by this dragon, or any that bears his mark, either on the hand or for each and the pleasant society that people of Ohio they will leave the State; but I assure you, that I, for one, never will be run off by this dragon, or any that bears his mark, either on the hand or for each and the pleasant society that people of Ohio they will leave the State; but I assure you, that I, for one, never will be run off by this dragon. It is good country air and pleasant society that people it can, or die if it can, the care and the pleasure of attending to its daily wants will lead your thoughts from their darkness into the light of gentleness and beauty.

If your are happy, it will be greater love to waste here. The property forms the means in the means is and I have seen any way procure the means; and I have seen the property forms the propert

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G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

Nor can I regard the late Anti-Nebraska ex-

citement as proceeding from any more radical and healthy conviction. It seems to be pru-dently following in the line of its precedents. The more sanguine among us, I am aware, have regarded the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as a God-send. They have argued that Northern endurance, already taxed to the utmost, would sink under such a weight; that the Slave Power would thus dig its own grave; and that wicked institutions must always grow to their full stature, and display all their inhe rent enormity, before men will earnestly engage couraged by this line of argument. It has flain one scheme of aggression emboldens the very is lost upon us, when displayed by such a process. Not submission to despotism, but rewithout any guilty help from us. The Ne-braska and Kansas act of 1854 is a natural is in no respect more flagitious in principle. It is only a sprout from Daniel Webster's grave. The Anti-Slavery sentiment that sub-

mitted to the former, will acquiesce in the latnew outrage has been generally opposed, proves our repugnance to Slavery to be shallow and insincere. The popular argument against it has been "its breach of an ancient and solemn compact, made for the security of Freedom north f the parallel of 36° 30' of north latitude.' Sir, a thoroughly baptized Anti-Slavery people would have lost sight of any bargain with Sla very, in its unhallowed conspiracy to blast an empire by its withering power. I oppose Slavery upon principle. I hold it to be wrong, in ciple, for one man to be the owner of another, to deny him a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, to rob him of the holiest ties of life, and sell him on the auction block as a chattel, to take from him his Bible, and close against him the avenues of knowledge, to annihilate the institution of marriage, and spread licentiousness and crime over the land. This I regard as unutterably wicked, independ-Slavery and Freedom may have assumed to right on hating it all round the globe, wherever I can trace its slimy footsteps. I confess I have not yet mastered the slippery philosophy by which some men loathe and execrate it on coincides with Christianity itself. The obsta- very man. It may accord with the frigid temhalf millions of American slaves, are the obsta-cles which oppose every enterprise looking to deep, fervent, uncompromising spirit of the

counter with our Southern masters; and this,

To prove that the Anti-Nebraska exciteme

regret to say, has not been the controlling

rooted convictions, I might refer to a kindred the cruel exactions of capital over labor, the fact. The stereotyped watchword of the people old-blooded rapacity of avarice, and every was, "the restoration of the Missouri Co mise." It is true, that in several States the will be sent howling from the face of the earth. Anti-Slavery demand went beyond this, but this Here, Mr. Chairman, on the great Rock of was the effective rallying cry in marshalling the Christianity, and on no narrower or frailer found- different wings of the movement under a comation, should we erect the altar of Freedom, and mon banner. It was a deceptive, and therefore This is a false, issue. I certainly do not repine at the he only true stand-point for the Anti-Slavery victories that were achieved upon it. I most cordially welcome whatever blessings they may lutely and unitedly maintain it, in the face of bring in their train. I rejoice that the Adminall opposition. Principles and policy alike re- istration has been rebuked, and rebuked with world. I had never seen her before, so I knew | crease, and the influence they had on political | quire that we stand on Christian ground, and | emphasis; and that although no intelligent man could have believed the restoration of the brovailing party, I was induced to believe that | which alone can render our cause impregnable, | ken compromise a practicable thing, there was Anti-Slavery men could do more good by joining the Order, and exerting their influence in the many discouragements to which it is perthe right direction. I never thought it would petually subjected. We are branded as infidels. had destroyed it. The malady of the party in be long-lived, but, believing a crisis was at Let us say to the world that we wage war power demanded the physic thus administered dishonor with a trusting spirit. She did not hand which required a complete consolidation against Slavery because we are Christians, and But the issue, I insigt, was unworthy of the She knew I would of all the North, I supposed an immediate that to us rightfully belongs the prerogative of crisis. It was an instrument on which very sitting in judgment upon the popular religion different tunes could be played. It had a face of the country, and pronouncing upon it accord- looking both North and South. The policy of ing to its fidelity or its infidelity to the great restoring the Compromise, in one of its aspects. as she contessed one love and that another and leaving her love and the same fate, and leaving her for a time crushed and wretched, but to rise strengthened and purified for a new life. The same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and leaving her is uncalled for, Anti-Democratic, and, as a Natical variable or and the same fate, and the ment, in which we find it appealing to us as restore this Compromise would be to propitiate the "one idea" of the Founder of our religion, the spirit of compromise, which has been the similar requests, for the same reasons that I hend the moral universe. We are charged firm the binding obligation of a compact that had stated. The members present were taken with an undue measure of zeal in the advocacy should never have been made, and from which of our cause. Let us answer, that the system we should seek the first favorable opportunity of American Slavery is the hugest and most of deliverance. It would be to recognise the left were all of the old Liberty Guard. I would frightful denial of the central truth of our reli- Slave Power as an equal and honorable con gious faith, the most atrocious libel upon Just- tracting party, waiving its violated faith, and ice and Humanity, that now confronts Heaven | thus precluding us from pleading its perfidy in on any part of our globe. We are reproached discharge of all compromises from the begin with our weakness as a party, and sometimes ning. It would be to go back, by the shortest our own doubting hearts whisper to us that our and cheapest route, to the compromise measstruggles have proved but so many failures. ures of 1850, and the Baltimore platform of must necessarily encounter every form of hu- Free Democracy. It would be to degrade our man selfishness, and be subject to those con- cause to the level of those who studiously wash ditions by which every other good work has their hands of all taint of Abolitionism, and been retarded; that, in the nature of things, it only wage war against the Administration becan only keep pace with the gradual but slow cause it broke up the blessed reign of peace progress of Christian principles in the commu- which descended upon the country in the year nity; and while we thus learn a lesson of patience, let us ever bear in mind that Heaven itby a spirit equal to the Crisis, we would have self is pledged to the ultimate success of our said to our Southern friends, "We do not ask That our movement is not understood, not breach you have made is one we do not desire Fugitive Slave Act shall be unconditionally re-

shall be hurled back upon the States which it